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professional juries of artists after that first attempt, reserving to itself a Council of Three—instead of Ten as their ancestors had—a final Revising Jury. And I well remember on one occasion, after hanging a room, that on coming back the next morning and finding its crowning glory gone, I asked why, and was told: because the Revising Jury said the work was not up to the standard of Venice! Which was perfectly true and I could but agree; and that work was selected by people who knew nothing of standards and thought anything good enough for the Dagoes! And then again in Rome a few years later: the Jury had to vote three or four money prizes—one to painters, one to sculptors, one to draftsmen, one to engravers—they were never voted for as *artists*. After three weeks of balloting we agreed that it was grossly unjust and unfair to say that one painter was financially but not artistically superior to all the world! and so the prizes were divided. Since then the giving of prizes has been abandoned in Europe. Here, prize-giving is growing and stifling art, for either the prizes must be awarded over and over to the same people, and they are in different exhibitions, or those artists who have won them already must die off or degenerate, or be barred from prize-taking, in order that in-

ferior painters can gain them; or else new artists must be invented—which seems to be an easy matter!

An exhibition which gets its reputation by buying it, is not artistic but shopkeeping; medals are the only things that should be awarded. And the money prizes should be devoted to the purchase of the works exhibited or deserving to be purchased, as in all other countries—and in some exhibitions here. If the Showman is a genius as a salesman, the artists will call him blessed.

Thus the artists find encouragement, help and support, not in being tagged onto a Showman or a Committee of Laymen. Until the art affairs of the whole country are managed by artists and not by Showmen or benevolent men and women, we will be far, in the graphic and plastic arts, from occupying that position which, ostrich-like, we believe to be ours. Art for artists, as well as art for art's sake is the only thing worth working for.

This is the way and the only way to get an art show by artists for artists—a show the public will crowd to see.

Joseph Pennell

THREE SONNETS TO BLANCHE

I

I do not love to see your beauty fire
The light of eager love in every eye,
Nor the unconscious ardor of desire
Mantle a cheek when you are passing by;
When in the loud world's giddy thoroughfare
Your holy loveliness is noised about—
Lips that my love has prayed to—the gold hair
Where I have whispered all my secrets out.

O then I would I had you in my arms,
Desolate, lonely, broken, and forlorn,
Stripped of your splendor, spoiled of all your charms,
So that my love might prove her haughty scorn—
So I might catch you to my heart, and prove
'Tis not your beauty only that I love!

II

I thought of you when in the pallid dawn
Glimmered day's loveliest and loneliest star,
Infinitely in the pale blue withdrawn,
Touching my heart with beauty from afar;
Where bending with her blossoms the white spray,
After the passing of a sudden shower,
Trembled all dewy in the wind of May—
I thought of your white loveliness in flower.

And once in the deep wonder of a dream
You came to me, and your clear face was bowed
Over my face, like light on a dark stream,
And your soft hair fell 'round me like a cloud;
And then I woke—but still when you were gone
Like music in my heart you lingered on.

III

'Tis not your darling loveliness alone
That draws me, the proud splendor of your face;
Beautiful as a conqueror's on his throne,
Or a swift runner's in an eager race;
Not that carved throat, that chalice of sweet sound,
Nor eyes that are the heavens of my prayer,
Pale, perfect brows from many a conquest crowned
Victorious, nor the halo of your hair.

These the dull crowd gape after, little they
Guess the still lovelier being hid from view,
The pilgrim in this prison-house of clay,
Which is yourself, the very soul of you—
Whose banner Love here flings to heaven unfurled,
And bares his shining sword to all the world!

John Hall Wheelock